THE NEXII-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Illabed every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY moses \$3 per annum. Two copies for \$5.

A VERY LARGE PAPER FOR THE COUNTRY.

published every Saturday Mosning, as the low price of \$2 per annum, in advance. 10 copies for \$15, or 20 copies for \$24.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

PART X.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON, WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND FOR EXPORTATION.

BY CHARLES DICKERS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Daws, with its passionless blank face, steals shivering to the church beneath which lies the dust of little Paul and his mother, and looks in at the windows. It is cold and dark. Night crouches set upon the pavement, and broods, sombre and in nooks and corners of the building. The teeple-clock, perched up above the houses emerg-ng from beneath another of the countless ripples a the tide of Time that regularly roll and break on doors, dawn, at first, can only peep at night, and

vaults below, and sits upon the cofthe tears of dawn, and stiffing its complaining of the scared dawn, following the night, and chas

eir holes, and gather close together in affright the resounding clashing of the church-door, or the beadle, that man of power comes early

door, beating and dusting the altered she'll soap and water that 'ere tablet presently spainst the company arrive. Mr. Sownds the beadle, who is sitting in the sun upon the charch steps all this time, (and seldom does anything else, ex

before six. Mr. Towlinson is an object of greater consideration than usual to the housemaid, and the cook says at breakfast-time that one wedding makes many, which the housemaid can't believe, and don't think true at all. Mr. Towlinson re-Acres his sentiments on this question, being rendered somewhat gloomy by the engagement of a foreigner with whiskers, (Mr. Towlinson is whis kerless himself,) who has been hired to accompany the happy pair to Paris, and who is busy packing the nappy pair to Paris, and who is busy packing the nappy pair to Paris, and who is busy packing the new chariot. In respect of this personage, Mr. Towlinson admits, presently, that he never knew of any good that ever come of foreigners, and being charged by the ladies with prejudice, says, took at Bonsparte, who was at the head of em, and see what he was always up to! Which the housemaid says is very true.

Mrs. Dombey is overwhelmed with what is costly and magnificent," with a strange glance at his part of the composition of the properties of the properti

colored pantaloons is the father of his love. The Chicken hoarsley whispers Mr Toots that he's as stiff a cove as ever he see, but that it is within the resources of Science to double him up, with one blew in the waisteost.

Mr. Powlinson, to whom they offer terms to be bought off; and the third, in the person of an artful trombone, larks and dodges round the corner, waiting for some traitor tradesmen to reveal the place and bour of breaklast, for a bribe. Expectation and excitement extend farther yet, and take a wider range. From Balls Pond, Mr. Perch brings Mrs. Perch to spend the day with Mr. Dombey's servants, and accompany them, surreptitiously, to servants, and accompany them, surreptitiously, to see the wedding. In Mr. Toots's lodgings, Mr. Toots attires himself as if he were at least the bridegroom: determined to behold the spectracle in splender from a secret corner of the gallery, and thither to convey the Chicken: for it is Mr. Toots's desperate intent to point out Florence to the Chicken, then and there, openly to say, "Now, Chicken, I will not deceive you any longer; the friend I have sometimes mentioned to you is myself; Miss Dombey is the object of my passion; what are your opinions, Chicken, in this state of things, and what, on the spot, do you advise?" The so much to be stiff admiration that it challenges. on the spot, do you advise! The so much to be astonished Chicken, in the meanwhile, dips his beak into a tankard of strong beer, in Mr. Toots s kitchen, and pecks up two pounds of beefsteaks. In Princess's Place, Miss Tox is up and doing, for she too, though in sore distress, is resolved to put a shilling in the hands of Mrs. Miff, and see the ceremony, which has a cruel fascination for her-from some lonely corner. The quarters of the Wooden Midshipman are all alive; for Captain Cuttle, in his ankle jacks, and with a huge shirt-Cuttle, in his ankle jacks, and with a huge shirtcollar, is seated at his breakfast, listening to Rob
the Grinder as he reads the marriage service to
him beforehand, under orders, to the end that the
Captain may perfectly understand the solemnity
be is about to witness; for which purpose the Captain gravely lays injunctions on his chaplain, from
time to time, "to put about," or to "overhaul that
'ere article again," or to stick to his own duty, and
leave the Amens to him, the Captain; one of which
he repeats, whenever a pause is made by Rob the
Orinder, with sonorous satisfaction.

Beside this, and much more, twenty nursery
maids in Mr. Dombey's street alone, have promised
twenty families of little women, whose instinctive
literest in nuptials dates from their cradies, that
they shall go and see the marriage. Truly, Mr.

bey shall go and see the marriage. Truly, Mr Sownds the headle had good reason to feel himself is office, as he suns his portly figure on the church steps, waiting for the marriage hour. Truly, Mrs. Miff has cause to pounce on an unlucky dwarf child, with a giant baby, who peeps in at the parch, and drive.

Pressly to attend the marriage. Cousin Feenix was a man about town forty years ago; but he is still so javenile in figure and in manner, and so well got up, that strangers are amazed when they discover latent wrinkles in his lordship's face, and

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE. THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, SUNDAY EXCEPTED. At the Tribune Buildings, corner of Spruce and Nassanu streets, opposite the City Hall.

VOL. VIII. NO. 86.

general whisking away of the women on the stair-

jor, who is gorgeous, too, and wears a whole gera-nium in his button-hole, and has his hair curled In a firm, free hand, the bride subscribes her

such case this morning. Sir —and here he hits himself hard upon the beast—' in such case this morning. Sir, that, damme, Dombey, he has half a writer—this, however, between himself an ind to make a double marriage of it, Sir, and take science.

for Mr. Dombey feels that he is going to be related to the mother, and that, under those circumstances, and enrols himself as having been born, that

be envied this day, than any man in England!" He again Mr. Dombey's assent is qualified; be-

"Dombey," returns the Major, "you know it.
Let us have no false delicacy. You know it. Do
you know it, or do you not. Dombey?" says the

served intimacy. Dombey, that may justify a man —a blunt old Joseph B. Sir—in speaking out; or

never will be muzzled when Paul Dombey is question. New, damme. Sir." concludes the M

i am really obliged to you. I ing your too partial friendship.

your too partial Riendship.

Not too partial, Sir!" exclaims the choleric
jor. "Dombey, I deny it!"

Your friendship I will say, then," pursues Mr.

mbey, "on any account. Nor can I forget, Ma

Punctual to your time, Sir," says the Major.

"I was afraid I might be a few seconds after the appointed time, for I was delayed by a procession of wagons; and I took the liberty of riding round to Brook street"—this to Mr. Dombey—"to leave a few poor rarities of flowers for Mrs. Dombey. A man in my position, and so distinguished as to be invited here, is proud to offer some homage in acknowledgment of his vassalage; and as I have no doubt Mrs. Dombey is overwhelmed with what is costly and magnificant," with a strange clance at his part.

what he was always up to? Which the housemaid says is very true.

The pastry cook is hard at work in the funereal room in Brook street, and the very tall young men already smells of sherry, and his eyes have at tendency to become fixed in his head, and to stare at objects without seeing them. The very tall young man is conscious of this failing in himself; and informs his comrades that it is his "exciseman." The very tall young man would say excitement, but his speech is hazy.

The men who play the bells, have got scent of the marriage; and the marrow bones and cleavers too; and a brass band too. The first, are practicing in a back settlement near Battlebridge; the second, in a back settlement near Battlebridge; the second, in the middle gentleman, he in the fax by this per the first are practicing in a back settlement near Battlebridge; the second, in the person of an attall tonibone, lurks and looking at his watch, "it's high time we were off"

Forth, in a barouche, ride Mr. Dombey, Major Bagstock, and Mr. Carker to the church. Mr. Sownds the beadle has long risen from the steps, and is in waiting with his cocked hat in his hand. Mrs. Mif curtseys and proposes chairs in the vest. As he looks up at the organ, Miss Tox in the fat leg of a cherubin on a mountent, with cheeks like a young Wind. Captain Cuttle, on the courtery, stands up and waves his hook, in token of welcome and encouragement. Mr. Toots informs the Chicken, behind his hand, that the middle gentleman, he in the fawn colored partaleons is the father of his love. The chicken hoards waves his hook. In the father of his love. The chicken hoar

zenith of its charms, yet beating down, and tread-ing on, the admiration that it challenges. There is a pause while Mr. Sownds, the beadle.

glides into the vestry for the clergyman and clerk. At this juncture, Mrs. Skewton speaks to Mr. Dombey: more distinctly and emphatically than her custom is, and moving at the same time, close to

Edith.

"My dear Dombey," says the good mamms, "I fear I must relinquish darling Florence after all, and suffer her to go home, as she herself proposed. After my loss of to-day, my dear Dombey, I feel I shall not have spirits, even for her society."

"Had she not better stay with you!" returns the bridgerroom.

"I think not, my dear Dombey. No, I think not. I shall be better alone. Beside, my dearest Edith will be her natural and constant guardian when you return, and I had better not encroach upon her trust, perhaps. She might be jealous. Eh, dear

The affectionate mamma presses her daughter's arm, as she says this; perhaps entreating her at-

tention earnessty.

"To be serious, my dear Dombey," she resumes.

"I will reliminish our dear child, and not inflict my gloom upon her. We have settled that, just now. She fully understands, dear Dombey. Edith, my dear—she fully understands.

dear—she fully understands.

Again, the good mother presses her daughter's arm. Mr. Dombey offers no additional remon dild, with a giant baby, who peeps in at the perch, and drive her forth with indignation!

Cousin Feenix has come over from abroad, expressly to attend the marriage. Cousin Feenix was a man about town forty years ago, but he is marriage.

hile being shaved at Long's Hotel, in Bond'st.

Ways by reason of his wilfull legs, gives the wrong
Mr. Dombey leaves his dressing room, amid a woman to be married to this man, at first—to wit, a bridesmaid of some condition, distantly connected

of the church, glazed hat in hand, and reads the building in torments of love. The Chicken is as yet mable to elaborate a scheme for winning as yet unable to emborate a schedule possession of him, and he thinks the doubling up of Mr. Dombey would be a move in the right direction. Mr. Dombey's servants come out of their hiding places and prepare to rush to Brook-street, when they are delayed by symptoms of indisposition on the part of Mrs. Perch. who entrents a glass of water, and becomes alarming. Mrs. Perch gets better soon, however, and is borne away; and Mrs. Miff, and Mr. Sownds, the beadle, sit upon the steps to count what they have gained by the affair, and talk it over, while the sexton tolls a funeral.

Now, the carriages arrive at the bride's residence, and the players on the bells begin to jingle, and the band strikes up, and Mr. Punch, that model of connubial bliss, salutes his wife. Now, the people run, and push, and press around in a gaping

and the band strikes up, and Mr. Funch, that model of connubial bliss, salutes his wife. Now, the people run, and push, and press around in a gaping throng, while Mr. Dombey, leading Mrs. Dombey by the hand, advances solemnly into the Feenix Halls. Now, the rest of the wedding party slight, and enter after them. And why does Mr. Carker, passing through the people to the hall-door, think of the old woman who called to him in the grove of the cold woman who called to him in the grove.

Brown? Now, there are more congratulations on this hap

and now they leave the drawing room, and range themselves at table in the dark-brown dining room, which no confectioneer can brighten up, let him garnish the exhausted negroes with as many flowers and love knots as he will.

The pastry-cook has done his duty like a man, though, and a rich breakfast is set forth. Mr. and Mrs. Chick have joined the party, among others—Mrs. Chick admires that Edith should be, by nature, such a perfect Dombey and is affable and confidential to Mrs. Skewton whose mind is relieved of a great load, and who takes her share of the champaigne. The very tall young man who suffered from excitement early, is better, but a vague sentiment of repentance has seized upon him, and he hates the other very tall young man, and wrests dishes from him by violence, and takes a grim delight in disobliging the company. The company are cool and caim, and do not outrage the black hatchments of pictures looking down upon them, by any excess of mirth. Cousin Feenix and the Major are the gayest there; but Mr. Carker has a smile for the whole table. He has an especial smile for the bride, who very, very, seidom meets it. Cousin Feenix rises, when the company have breakfasted, and the servants have left the room; and wonderfully young he looks with his white wristhand almost covering his hand, lother in the servants hand lother in the major to the property of the pro

breaklasted, and the servants have left the room; and wonderfully young he looks with his white wristband almost covering his hand (otherwise rather bony.) and the bloom of the champaigne in his cheeks.

his cheeks.

"Upon my honor," says Cousin Feenix, "al-though it's an unusual sort of thing in a private gentleman's house. I must beg leave to call upon you to drink what is usually called a—in fact, a The Major very boarsely indicates his approval.

The Major very boarsely indicates in such a few forward over the table in the direction of Cousin Feenix, smiles and nods a great many times.

"A—in fact it's not a—" Cousin Feenix beginning again, thus, comes to a dead stop.

"Hear, hear!" says the Major, in a tone of con-

viction.

Mr. Carker softly claps his hands, and bending forward over the table again, smiles and nods a great many more times than before, as if he were particularly struck by this last observation, and desired personally to express his sense of the good it has done him.

has done him.

"It is," says Cousin Feenix, "an occasion, in fact, when the general usages of life may be a little departed from, without impropriety; and although I never was an orator in my life, and when I was in the House of Commons, and had the honor of seconding the address, was—in fact, was laid up for a fortnight with the consciousness of failure—"

and falls asleep.
Giddiness prevails below stairs too. The very Giddiness prevails below stairs too. The very tail young man whose excitement came on so soon, appears to have his head glued to the table in the pantry, and cannot be detached from it. A violent revulsion has taken place in the spirits of Mrs. Perch, and tells cook that she fears he is not so much attached to his home as he used to be when they were only nine in family. Mr. Towinson has a singing in his ears and a large wheel going round and round inside his head. The housemaid wishes it wasn't wicked to wish that one was dead.

There is a general delusion likewise, in these

wicked to wish that one was dead.

There is a general delusion likewise, in these lower regions, on the subject of time, everybody conceiving that it ought to be, at the earliest, ten like emigration. He states facts in this way:

training dirty places spillings of wine, halfthawed loc, stale discolored heed taps. s raps of lobster, dramsunks of fowls, and pensive jellies, gradies of the same about a state of the same about and the same about and of emigration from liveland continuous to flow with the same about and of emigration from liveland continuous to flow with the same about and a department over their early tes, at home, that by eight colores, and Mr. Perch, arriving at that time from the city, fresh and jocular, with a white way is a maked to find himself coldly received, and Mrs. Perch but poorly, and to have the pleasing during a surpounded from the bandsome house. If the pleasing during in though the handsome house, from room, ber old simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the provided sits of the place of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the provided sits of the place of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the provided sits of the place of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the provided sits of the place of the cold simple mourning for dear Paul and sits of the provided sits of the place of the plac

The Major and Mr. Carker are so much delight-

man, and this woman taketh this man, on the so

as he nicks his dainty way. End of Part X.

The Union of Friday evening contains the owing notice of destined reinforcements for Gen. We suspect the General will await at

at Fort McHenry, four will be shipped for Vers. Cruz on the 22d instant, and the others as soon The Union's reinforcements generally turn out

men in buckram suits." They are heard of only upon Maryland for more troops. No thought is en- Mo

The steamer Sarah Sands, Capt. Thompson, from

Wm. Banetiee. F. A. Cuse. Hy Vac Wart, Jr. Geo. Junes. Hy Vac Wart, Jr. Geo. Junes. Geo. Wood, J. P. Paterson, Joseph Brown, Williams, Thos Smith, J. F. Noton, Hy L. B. Lowis, Charles Wedder, Fred. Leech.

favor, sometimes, the can be led away by hair, but all he hopes, lects that can be led away by hair, but all he hopes, is, he may never hear of no foreigner never boning nothing out of no traveling chariot. The eye of Mr. Towlinson is so severe and so expressive here, that the housemaid is turning hysterical, when she and all the rest, roused by the intelligence that the bride is going away, hurry up stairs to witness the departure.

The chariot is at the door, the bride is descend. The chariot is at the door, the bride is descend. The chariot is at the door, the bride is descend. The chariot is at the door, the bride is descend. The chariot is at the door, the bride is descend. the bride is going away, hurry up stairs to witness her departure.

The chariot is at the door, the bride is descending to the hall, where Mr. Dombey waits for her. Florence is ready on the staircase to depart too and Miss Nipper, who has held a middle state be tween the parlor and the kitchen, is prepared to accompany her. As Edith appears, Florence has tens toward her, to bid her farewell.

Is Edith cold, that she should fremble! Is there anything unnatural or unwholesome in the touch of Florence, that the beautiful form recedes and contracts, as if it could not bear it! Is there so much hurry in this going away, that Edith, with a wave of her hand, sweeps on, and is gone!

Mrs. Skewton, overpowered by her feelings as a mother, sinks on her sofa in the Cleopatra attitude, when the clatter of the chariot wheels is lost, and sheds several tears. The Major, coming with the rest of the company from table, endeavors to comfort her, but she will not be comforted on any forther, but she will not be comforted on any forther, but she will not be comforted on any fernix takes his leave, and Mr Carker takes his leave. The guests all go away. Cleopatra, list which is an any by the ms, and so the Major takes his leave. Cousin Feenix takes his leave, and Mr Carker takes his leave, and Mr Carker takes his leave. The guests all go away. Cleopatra, list, a mystery to us, which is anow, by Col. M. fully, explained.

Horson of Enigration.—Thorsday's Montreal and falls asleep.

Giddness prevails, below stairs too. The very

HORRORS OF EMIGRATION .- Thursday's Montreal

BURKS, SIOTRS, &L.

BOWERY SAVINGS BANK. New York, 14th July, 1817.— Divines on "The deepo citors are hereby notified that a semi-amount dividend, at the rate of fice per cent per annum on all sums of five dollars and upward and less toan five hundred dollar, and four per cent per annum on all sums of five hundred dollars and upward, which have been deposited as least three months previous to istinct, will be paid to depositers on and after Monday, the light hast, during the hours of doublesses at the Bank. All interest not called for will remain as principal, and draw interest accordingly from 18t inst.

The Sank is open for business on Mondays. Thursdays and Saturdays, from 5 to 7 of the, P. M. at No. 121 Bowery, and Saturdays, from 5 to 7 of the Physics.

By order of the Thursdays.

G. H. Condessiall, Secretary. conceiving that it ought to be, at the earliest, ten o clock at night, whereas it is not yet three in the afternoom. A shadowy idea of wickedness committed, haunts every individual in the party; and each one secretly thinks the other a companion in guilt, whom it would be agreeable to avoid. Note man or woman has the hardshood to hint at the projected visit to the play. Any one reviving the notion of the ball, would be scouted as a malignant idiot.

Mrs. Skewton sleeps up stairs, two hours afterward, and naps are not yet over in the kitchen. The hatchments in the dining-room look down on crumbs, dirty plates, spillings of wine, half thawed ice, stale discolored heel taps, a raps of lobater, drumsticks of fowls, and pensive jelless, gradually resolving themselves into a lukewarm gummy soup. The marriage is, by this time, almost as denuded of its show and garnish as the breakfast. Mr. Dombey's servants morallise so much about it, and are

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

this forenoon before Judge Edmonds on a new writ of habeas corpus. Mesers. White and Jay appearing on

postponed till to morrow at 12 o'clock, the slaves, in the

after taking a walk yesterday, was taken suddenly i

arrested last night for petit larceny.

Beneral Notices.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS.

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Y and Syosset, (Oyster Bay,) L. Dr. Sucw, the earliest American practitioner and author on Water-Core, receives patients as above. Those at a distance may, by sending a fee, be advised for a treatment at home.

LETTERS and NEW SPAPERS

FOR FOREIGN PORTS.

office open from 6 A M. till 10 P. M.

Provides.—A meeting of the stockholders of the North-west Copper Mining Company will be held on Wednesday, the tim of August wext, at 4 Hanover-at at 11 criock, a. M. By order. D. S. HART, Secretary, 1912 Zaw2w.

Banks, Stocks, &c.

G. H. COGGESHALL, Secretary.

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the Cemetery. Fare 12} cents.

WHOLE NO. 1954.

MONDAY, July 19.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY .- The Cinderella leaves

east side of the Battery every day at 10; o'clock in the forenoon, and at 2; 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon for THE SLAVE CASE -The two men were brought

Peter Curiey, a native of Ireland, aged 40 years, who,

SERIOUS ACCIDENT .- A boy named Jacob Ritter hand, yesterday fell from the sea-wall of the Battery.

William McGinnes and Thomas Eastwood

and Andrew J. David at Newburgh, July 7, 1947
David at Newburgh, July 7, 1947
David H. BARCLAF ... 3
ANDREW. NOWARD,

short notice. CLOTHING.

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LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS

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BY Letters Bags are open as the office of The New-York Tribune for all Foreign Ports, and all letters and cewspapers deposited in this office will always he forwarded by the very earliest vessels. This department is under the special supervision of J. B. MOWER, Estimated by the very earliest vessels. This department of the New-York City Fost Office.

Bags are now open for the reception of letters and newspapers for the following places, viz. Lendon, Liverpool, Glasgow, Ireland, Have, Marsellies amisterian, Bremen, Hamourge, Rio de Jaceiro, Valparaise, Buenos Ayres, Oregon, Mexico, Pansans, St. Thomas, Kingston, (Jam.)

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The experience of past years prove cowspapers deposited in this office will always be ide-warded by the very earliest vessels. This department is under the special supervision of J. B. MOVER, Est., well known for many years as the experienced and effi-cient Superintendent of the Foreign Letter Department of the New-York City Post Office. Bags are now open for the reception of letters and news-papers for the following places, viz. London, Liverpool, Giasgow, Ireland, Havre, Marsettles Amsterdam, Bremen, Hamourgh, Rio de Jacelro, Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres, Dregon, Mexico, Panena, St. Thomas, Kingston, (Jam.) Matanzas, Hawasa Office open from S. M. Hillion, M.

To LOAN - \$20,000 on improved city property on bost and mortgage, in different sums. Apply to ANTHONY J. BLEECKER Auctioneer, The Letters and Newspapers will be received at the Foreign Stip Leuer Office of the N. Y. Tribone for the parket ship HOTTINGUER, Capt. Bursley, which sails for Liverpool on the Tak inst.

Also, will be received at the same place, letters and newspapers for the packet ship ADMIRAD, Capt. Walter, which sails for Havre of the state took.

Also, will be received at the same place, letters and newspapers for the packet ship MARGARET EVANS, which sails for London on the 24th tost.

Jy17

p24 (m)

PRING FA-HIONS—HATS. HATS.—Paris mileskin hate at \$3, equal to those sold by others at \$4, also, engant fress hat at \$2.59 and \$2.25, experior in style and finish to those in many piaces at \$3, geat hat at \$2.5 d. March will be pleased to see his friends at this establishment.

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overy variety of patiers, with all the
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